Herbert Kaufman

Yesterday—Today—Tomorrow.

Tradition is a bad guide—like a lobster, it leads backward. There are few fixed and inviolate rules—merely memoranda of other men's methods, measures and minds.

The sanest philosophy of each age is regulated by its lights and our lights are always changing.

Learn to look for yourself with borrowed vision. You cannot see beyond the eyes of the original beholder.

Every ebbing tide leaves an altered shore-line in its wake. Each wash of the wave minutely wears the rocks.

Transformation is ceaseless. No two moments in nature are identical. And mankind, too, is disclosed in a different attitude at each unbiased view.

So long as the earth is subject to unremittent changes, ideas and ideals must be as regularly revised.

Peer ahead. The sunrise is golden with revelation—the hereafter an inexhaustible bag of secrets. The potentialities of the future are beyond the estimate of mortal intuition, calculation or logic.

We are still comparative savages—the bones of the last cave man has not yet moldered into dust. The primitive epochs are but a few thousand years agone.

We have learned to employ only a mere fraction of our instincts. Our senses are semi-somnolent—half numb and dumb, purblindly groping for unattained truths.

Imagination, most venturesome of our powers, is a ruling force, feebly flapping on its pin-feather wings.

The greater works of humanity are unplanned—civilization is served by fumbling brains and stumbling feet.

But we have progressed sufficiently to estimate the extent of our inefficiencies, and therein is the promise of all tomorrows.

Afar, we dimly hear the tread of advancing conquerors mighty satraps commanding legions of giants whose weapons are masked in the sunbeam and the wind and the wave and the sand.

Steam and electricity are pygmy brothers of approaching Titans who will lift planets from their studding and scoop mountain sides as though the rock were cheese.

Tradition is an obsolete schoolmaster. Cease gnawing at a skeleton—there is no marrow in Time's bleached bones.

Inspiration does not root in arid ages.

History largely is a burial ground of man's mistakes—a cemetery of incompetence. Most of its monuments have metamorphosed into tombstones of failures.

As we swing through the orbit of eternity, we slowly but surely find that dreams are the heralds of fact—that hope is not a rainbow but an arch to span the stars.

And where we now endeavor, confident that we have dared to the limit of courage and intelligence, our children will stand and deride our cowardice and ignorance.

THE LOBSTER PALACE WAITERS



around to heroism, hand for the Cub's hat. The latter clutched said hat a bit more firmly, looked in all its thousand straight ahead in the fatuous hope that and one forms. The the boy would respect his seeming preoc-Cub Reporter was cupation, and attempted to stride by. full of an incident There wasn't a chance in the world.
The Cub hadn't taken a single step bein which a man fore he knew the boy was walking right after escaping along with him. He hadn't taken two seemingly in the steps before he felt a touch-a very gen-

nick of time from the extremely respectful, but also most insistent touch on his elbow. Business of his burning home, the only thing possible - graceful surad deliberately render. The Cub stopped turned and asgone back to res- sumed an expression of inquiry. wisely, also with a faint suggestion of "That," sald the Cub feelingly, "is triumph. He and the Cub understood that I call real sure 'nuff heroism. Of each other perfectly. Also the boy knew burse, when there's a human life to be he had all the best of it. Nevertheless. aved, there's a greater incentive. But the game must be played out. when a man risks his life just to save in a soothing, confidential tone, that must s poor, little dumb heast-well, a man have required months of practice to per-ike that is what I call a real hero." fect. "Beg your pardon, but your hat?" The Cub turned and looked for the fair-

The Cub turned a beaming countenance Even as he spoke his right hand reached on the Cynic, who sat at his left. "I'm out gracefully and easily. The fingers closed on the hat brim and pulled gently. Yah," he snorted, "some folks might panion. She had gone on a few steps call him a hero. And some might call ahead, and had now turned and was him just a plain, common or garden va- smiling at him knowingly. And so he dety of fool. You want to know my muttered, frowned portentuously, as if dea of a real hero? Well, I'll tell you. A his mind were on other and weightier eal here is a man with herve enough to subjects, and strode on-first, however. risit the lobster palaces of this town, buy accepting a small pasteboard check and what he wants, pay his bill and then releasing the hat. And as he strode he eave without giving the waiter a tip, could actually feel that hatboy grinning Needless to say, however, if there ever to himself. vas a man with that much nerve, he unloubtedly died before lobster palaces were

on his tour of daring agreed. And so, a

d ready money, started out.

The Cub looked at the Cynic long and handed a menu card, the grand total of arnestly. He had a dark suspicious that the prices listed on which would supply he was being "kidded." But the Cynic an average man with home cooking for While the Cub and his companion in ting his words out. "Maybe you think adventure scanned the menu, the waiter hovered over them solicitously. He was coount of your bilt you won't be able person, looking much better in his evenas put it over. Oh. I know it sounds ing clothes than some of the guests. As There's no real reason afterward discovered, he was an Engyou should tip, etc. I know all lishman-real cockney English-with an absolute genius for leaving the 'haitches' Just the same, when it comes time to off the words on which they belonged you'll tip. You'll find you and putting them where they had no taven't got nerve enough to stand that earthly business. Unquestionably, as a glance the waiter throws at waiter, he was a gem, an imported gem r back as you walk out. You haven't which the home-grown article approaches, for nerve enough to stand the thought of but rarely equals. He had just the right putting you down as a cheap skate, air of servility mixed with that inescapourse, you don't know the waiter, able touch of condescension which the just the same you can't bear the lobster palace waiter always seems to ught that if you fail to tip him, he feel for those whom he deigns to serve, . night say something mean about you and whose money he kindly consents to he gets home in the bosom of his take, that his wife and family may con-

Cub listened to the Cynic's out- have not been accustomed. While the Cub and his lady were lookturst with ponderous gravity. When the atter had finished the Cub was silent ing over the menu, he could feel that t moment. Then he leaned forward and the waiter was swiftly "sizing him up," going over every detail of his attire and anged his fist on the table. just take that little bet of yours," noting a score of other little points of face and manner which are known to Furthermore he went every experienced waiter, and which tell high with it, visiting not merely one him whether or not the customer is "any ebster palace, but all the better known good," referring, of course, to the size sies of the city, not giving a single cent of the coming tip. argess in any. So he won his bet. Evidently the survey was satisfactory, ferewith is a true account of his experi- for before the Cub had even decided on goes, from which you may judge for his order the manner of the waiter underwent a subtle change. It was a change In order to do the thing quite properly, that cannot be described in mere words, he Cub torged himself out immaculately but somehow the waiter managed to a evening clothes. Then he called up a create the impression that he had been sertian fair haired young feminine person spending his entire life living in the one thorn he intends asking a most vital fond hope of waiting on this particular plestion as soon as he gets that next couple at this particular time, and that in salary, and told her all about if for any unforeseen reason he failed plans She promptly suggested and to give them absolute satisfaction in insisted that she would go with him. every little detail, he would unquestionmed he not altogether displeased at abiy go out in the pantry and die of a raying the moral support of a companion broken heart.

The "boy" smiled apologetically, also

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the boy,

haired young person who was his com-

Such was the beginning. Followed a

brief respite while the two aspirants for

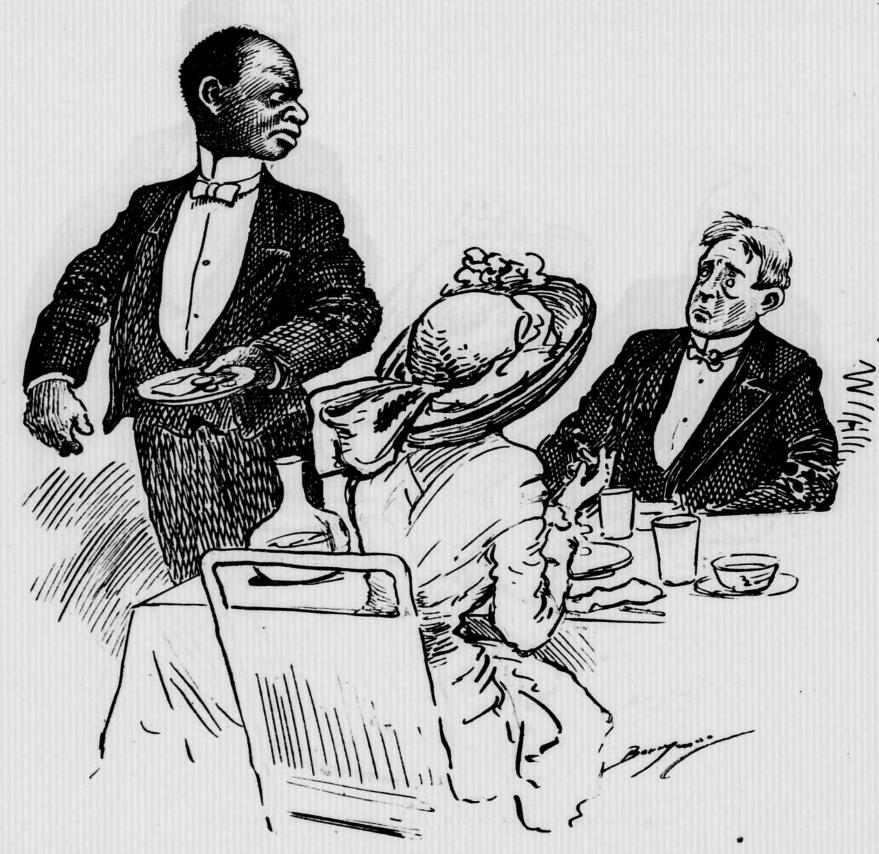
ittle before s o'clock in the evening, the we of them, dressed in their best and gving every appearance of large gobs fer. He was determined that come what to return a moment later with new cubes would enable him to see exactly what might there would be no tip, but at the of ice for the glasses. same time it would have been much eas-It was at the newest of the lobster jer if there was some flaw he could pick galaces, run in conjunction with a big, in the service. But there was no flaw. By this time, the clams had been eaten, once after almost getting it, the thing *w hostely exclusively located well up Also it was time to give that order. So, and the waiter, noting this, gracefully re- slipped out of his fingers and rang back he broad highway, that the first stop clearing his throat, the Cub turned to moved the remains, placed the menu on the plate. has made. At the very entrance to the the fair-haired young person and asked cards before his charges again, and again. The Cub could feel the waiter's eyes The Cub could feel the waiter's eyes of the cards before his charges again, and again. The Cub could feel the waiter's eyes of the cards before his charges again, and again. The Cub could feel the waiter's eyes of the cards before his charges again, and again. The Cub hesitated. He considered him one careful and altogether unnecessary waiter had approached and scooped up the self pretty good at making a dressing. Then, as he handed it out, he change confidently. Picking up the self pretty good at making a dressing. Then, as he handed it out, he change confidently. Picking up the brushing. Then, as he handed it out, he change confidently, elams. The lady was enthusiastic about order pad.

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he more money, an obsequious boy clams, and so friend garcon was dis- The Cub assumed what he is it is die-



TURNED A GAZE OF SLOW REPROACH ON HIS PATRON.

dozen little necks." him inquiringly. In due course of time the clams made their appearance; deliciously succulent little bivalves tucked away in fine beds ments. Then he backed off a few feet and watched the pair with an expression of tender solicitude. When the cub had eaten his second clam, the waiter came forward and bent "Are they chilled properly for you. sir?" he asked, indicating that if they The Cub laid out a single dollar bill. were not, life would no longer be worth. The walter took it, and it was five minwas already regretting his bet bitterly, lying spread out on a plate. the tone was too much for the Cub. He and now, when he tried to answer, he The plate was laid down on the table

And all this made the Cub actually suf-fer. He was determined to choose a direction that

me have the bill." lasted a full five seconds. "Very well, sir," he murmured. It was ten minutes before he came

back with the bill. It totaled 60 cents. utes more before he came back with the change-a quarter, a dime and a nickel, was going on. The Cub tried to pick up the change quickly, but he couldn't. The quarter seemed especially slippery, and

patched to bring two orders of "half a be a nonchaiant air. He drew out his ing, but nobody on earth would have from his food for fear the waiter the sizing up process had "gotten his ous wreck. To pick up the remaining coin watch and looked at it. Then he pretend- called it an affectionate smile. As the would take it for a signal, literally "We'll decide on the rest later." said ed to be vastly startled. "Heavens," he Cub looked, however, the smile disap- bounce to his side, bend over and the Cub as the waiter, after writing the murmured, "No idea it was so late, peared and the waiter looked not at but beamingly remark, 'Yessuh, Right here, order on a silver-mounted pad, looked at Won't have time for any more. Just let strongly through his recent patron. suh!"

Where was that so recent solicitude to serve and to please? Where, indeed? If it hadn't been for the little blonde pocket and rose hurriedly. launty and failing miserably. following them every step.

> He got the check, took the hat from its eyes, the Cub believes she did it on purresting place and proceeded to give it a shed drawing on the first glove the

but in the manner of one who is sure he again. Yes, it was the exact amount. will not be refused. But he was refused. The Cub accepted the hat and jammed it on his head. "Thanks," he murmured, and hurried down the hall, where the blonde young expression of hopeless bewilderment. The The Cub leaned back in before he turned he noted an expression intellect. He was convinced that there added indifferently. "We won't want hat boy, and after he had taken about must be some mistake. So he turned and anything else this evening-except the

drawn-out whistle, a whistle that was and leaned over the Cub. part surprise, part chagrin, but mostly lofty contempt. The waiters were of dusky hue in asked meaningly. the next place the Cub and his lady "No." said the Cub succinctly. And visited—a great white, red and gold then, again, "Oh, no!" room in the basement of a big hotel in the very heart of the down-town section. And the treatment these brownman. Where the latter had been solic- the amount with the bill. motion and slow to smile, these prod- ately, "that's ex-actly correct, suh, Exucts of the southland bustled about in actly correct. Thank you, suh', a sort of sublimated three-step and And he turned and strode off to the smiled delightedly.

smiled delightedly. with an eye absolutely beaming.

and the Cub ordered a steak, potatoes palace is just off a long promenade, which The 30 cents. Immediately, au gratin and a pot of coffee. Without insures the fact that every one at the lit- ried off a few steps, and the Cub, watch saying a word the waiter somehow tle tables will always be beautifully ing, saw him fish some change out of his managed to convey the impression that the nerve to walk through that alley. this was just about the finest order Thither the Cub and his lady went. The change was all there, and it was all that could be given, and then bustled and ordered a salad, just a plain letoff, promising to "have it here right away, suh."

Thither the cub and this lady with the change was an there, and it was all that could be given, and then bustled and ordered a salad, just a plain letin five-cent pieces, six of them lying off, promising to "have it here right away, suh."

wasn't very long before he returned very least, took their order with every mand to keep the change, stood hard by with the order. Gently he placed the indication of haughty disdain. Evidently to watch the picking up process to the dishes on the table, first showing the people who began a meal with a salad bitter end. steak to the Cub to ask if it was "too and with the simplest, cheapest salad And here the real test of nerve came steak to the Cub to ask if it was "too and that the contract of the contract o bustle around. The cafe was not his lady over discreetly but searchingly, self, the Cub would have lost his bet, distract his attention. The result was thoughts. that not once during the unhappy half hour during which the Cub tried in vain to enjoy what he was eating did the dusky servitor get more than six feet away from the table. Also, the Cub didn't dare so much as lift his eyes waiter. To lapse into the vernacular, picked up, the Cub was a shattered nerv

The steak was finally finished, and actual pain to visit the face of the waiter. The waiter looked at him in horrified Cub probably would have weakened bebrought tiny crisp rolls, numerous varies surprise. The idea of any one allowing fore the stony reproof in the waiter indeed anything eise in this place should simply couldn't be lost. Whether the brought tiny crisp rolls, numerous varieties of crackers, thin strips of lemon.
ties of crackers, thin strips of lemon.
tabasco, horseradish and other conditabasco, horseradish and tabasco, horse changed to one of sad reproach. This ered up the change, stuffed it in his duced it with the same old flourish. perfect training kept him from making a ready given him; whether he was disand laid it before the Cub, face down- reply. As it was he turned and hurried gusted with the size of a tip that was "Come on," he muttered, trying to be ward. Then he took a stand directly off while the effects of that training admittedly rather small, or whether he "Let's behind the Cub's back. He was out of were still in good working order. And they went, with the waiter's eyes sight, but nevertheless the Cub knew it before the adventurers with an air of known. All that is known is that when he was there. He could literally feel triumph. It was very evident that the the Cub glanced at him to show that the his presence. Also he had a pretty fair Cub's doubtful manner had resulted in picking up process was finished the wait-But the Cub was not yet out of the voods. At the door the hat boy was woods. At the door the hat boy was around. He had the exact amount of waiting for him with a bland smile. He necessary change. Happily he fished it choked on a cracker. He managed to and the waiter backed off, discreetly, didn't know anything about what had out, laid it on top of the bill, and rose just happened to the walter, and if he hurriedly. He figured that by making had it wouldn't have made much dit- haste he could get out before the waiter ference. He was dead sure nobody would knew whether he had been tipped or not. But there was no such luck. The fairever get by him. So he awaited the haired young person was absolutely fiend-Cub's approach with a bland, respectful ishly slow. For one thing, she insisted on new-born solicitude. smile, holding out a hand the while for drawing on her gloves before rising.

Judging from a certain twinkle in her th' dressing," he pleaded.

couldn't have asked for a dime any more money, and as he counted his steps be- thought he put the notion behind him unmistakably if he had bawled out an came slower and slower. Of a sudden he and nodded gravely at the waiter. For actual verbal request through a mega- came to a dead stop, looked at the bill the first time that one smiled almost phone. Furthermore, he asked silently, and then counted the money all over kindly, and promptly got busy with a bit

person had already preceded him. But thing was too much for his Senegambian salad was good," he admitted, "also the three steps he heard a low but long- deliberately walked back to the table bill. "Yessuh, did you call me, suh?" he

the hand that held the bill and the skinned servitors accorded their pa. change, and then turned a gaze of slow trons was altogether different from reproach on his patron. Then deliberately that given by the imported English- he counted out the money, and compared itous, but reserved, dignified, sedate of "Yessuh," he said, slowly and deliber-

Cub and the lady looked over the waiter. That one was draped disconsoofferings the waiter proceeded to lately over a cold radiator in a far corflourish a napkin over an absolutely ner of the room, looking moodily out into spotless cloth, arrange and rearrange space at nothing at all. And in his eyes waiter did not return. After many minthe silver and perform half a dozen was a look of utter disgust with all the utes, the Cub spied him gliding about other little duties, all flourishing and world in general and with people who a party at another table. He finally sucall absolutely unnecessary. And all carried the exact amount of change nec- ceeded in attracting his attention and the while he surveyed his customers essary to cover a lobster palace bill in particular.

palace with dusky-skinned waiters is another palace, part of another big hotel. In The menu was finally looked over, this particular establishment the lobster and then quickly. "Yes, yes, partion And all things considered it really looked as though he might be a marquis. And the waiter, discomfited at what he fallen on evil times, or a count at the had evidently believed to be a silent com-

> grandly. "We'll see how the salad is glanced at the waiter magnanimously. and then we'll decide whether we want He would be generous and give him that to stay here or go somewhere else." This remark caused an expression of He brought back the salad and placed really was what he seemed, will never be especial pains being taken with that er was looking stolldly out over his head, waiter had been placed on his mettle as away, not favoring the Cub and his lady it were. The air of skepticism on the with so much as a glance. part of the Cub seemed to have caused him to revise his original estimate of Cub picked up the remaining nickel and the pair. Perhaps he was serving the real thing after all. At any rate he walking behind him

The Cub hesitated. He considered him-unhappily.

and paprika. "The salad was good-no?" he sug-

gested. "And now you will have-The Cub leaned back in his chair. "The The waiter looked pained. "You-you

are not pleased?" he murmured inquir-"Oh yes," said the Cub, still leaning back. "Pleased enough. But bring the

The waiter favored him with one more pained look, then turned and made off. He brought the bill back, walking slowly. as if pondering over some secret grief. Said bill was 70 cents. As in the first instance, the Cub handed out a dollar

There was the customary business of As the Cub reached the door in leaving finality in the way he handed out the handing out menu cards, and while the he turned for a last look at his late bill. At any rate there followed a seemingly interminable wait. The Cub and his lady talked of many things, but friend beckoned to him. The waiter came over smiling doubtfully

Just a few steps across from the lobster "Your change?" repeated the waiter in puzzled fashion. Then his face broke

crowded, so he had no other tables to and the Cub believed he could read his For, speaking from a moral standpoint, it was just about ten times as difficult to pick up each succeeding nickel as it But the Cub was becoming hardened, had been to pick up the one preceding Besides he didn't care especially for this cult that, after five of the coins had been goat." "Bring that," he commanded seemed an absolute physical impossibility

So, free from those accusing eyes, the walking behind him, murmured, "Piker" a salad. So he hovered about with a As the Cub and the lady went out on "Eef the signor will allow me to make a couple of places we haven't been yet." she suggested. "There's one up on H street and another on F street. Which shall we try first?" The Cub looked her over, calmly and